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I R E N E:

Carmen Historicum.

Ad præhonorabilem

Vicecomitem BOYLE:

A U T H O R E

JOHANNE LAWSON, S.T.P.

QUOD RECENSUIT

GULIELIMUS DUNKIN, S.T.P.

D U B L I N I:

Typis FAULKNERIANIS, in Vico-Effex.
M,DCC,LX.

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L617

I6

1760

To
Thomas Spring Peacock

Dir. Envoy
Prestwich
9-14-43
48128

I R E N E:

A N

Historical Poem;

Addressed to the Right Honourable

Lord Viscount BOYLE.

Written Originally by

JOHN LAWSON, D. D.

Revised and Translated by

WILLIAM DUNKIN, D. D.

D U B L I N:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Exsex-street*,
M. DCC. LX.

FRANCISCUM ANDREWS, L. L. D.

COLLEGII,

FRANCIS MONSIGNY
Sacrosanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis Re-
ginae ELIZABETHÆ juxta DUBLIN, Præ-
positum.

CARMEN hoc historicum amici,
Gasper defuneti, auctius, et, uti
spero, similius quam initio prodi-
rat, unâ eum metaphrasi nostrâ in
vestram, vir cultissimo, clientelam
trado, quod quidem munus, diutius
medio vivit, spes multo felicius obi-
ret; quippe qui fecundissimo vers-
tilioque ingenio, ac judicij perspicacis

ANNO 1780.

acu-

TO
Doctor FRANCIS ANDREWS,
Provost of the COLLEGE

OF THE

Most Holy and Undivided Trinity of
Queen ELIZABETH, near DUBLIN.

(Translated by JAMES DUNKIN, A. B.)

I Deliver up into your Protection,
most accomplished Sir, this Historical Poem of our lately deceased Friend,
more enlarged, and, as I hope, more correct, than it first appeared in Print,
together with my Translation, which
Office, indeed, had he but lived longer,
he himself would have much more happily discharged, especially, as he had
united to the most fruitful and pliable
Genius, and Poignancy of quick-
sighted

acumini, multiplicis eruditio*n*is infinitam
prope copiam adjunxerat.

IN lucem ille suum edidit opus, ve-
luti supremum, ast immaturum peritu-
ræ musæ legatum, neque per tædi-
um valetudinis, indies ingravescens, re-
spicere, nedum ad umbilicum perducere
valuit.

COMPOSITAM vero Maronis majes-
tatem, et ardenter Homeri spiritum sa-
pe tum verbis, tum sententiis expressit:
Neque paucis offendetur maculis, quæ elu-
ere sum conatus, vestræ candor æquani-
mitatis, ubi plura nitent in Carmine.

OPTIMI scriptorum judices plerumque
sunt lenissimi simul, et fautores maximi,
quoque altius ipsi ad honores evecti sunt,
eo latius arrident inferioribus, qui rei-

pub-

sighted Judgment, an almost infinite Fund of various Learning.

He published this Performance, as it were, the last, but immature Bequest of an expiring Muse, nor was he through the Languor of his Health, daily declining, capable of Revising, much less of giving it the finishing Touches.

HOWEVER, he hath often transfused both into his Expressions and Sentiments the sedate Majesty of *Virgil*, and fiery Spirit of *Homer*, nor will the Candour of your Justice take Offence at a few Blemishes, which I have endeavoured to reform, when those Blemishes are over-balanced by a Multitude of shining Beauties.

THE most accurate Judges of Writings are generally the mildest Critics, and at the same Time the greatest Encouragers.

publicæ literatæ suis labotib[us] quid
quam aut utilitatis aut voluptatis am-
lerint.

Sol, quoniam vates n[on]upidi n[on]cupant
oculum, dum cumq[ue] perstringit humine,
calore nihilominus faveat; abditis iter-
arum visceribus in reguli decora gen-
mas, aurumque in gentium commercia
coquit, hibernoque tanquam somno fru-
ges in humana vita sustentamen elicit.

Tu pari ratione Matris almae pro-
les haud degener liberales artes et sci-
entias veterno tandem excitaſti; ju-
ventutem academicam per asperas

eruditionis

contragers, and by how much more elevated their Stations are, by so much more diffuse is their Favour to their Inferiors, who, by their Labours, may have contributed aught either of Improvement, or Entertainment to the Common Wealth of Letters.

The Sun, whom the Poets call the World's Eye, whilst he pierces all Things with his Light, equally cherishes them with his Heat ; he ripens Gems in the secret Bowels of the Earth for the Decorations of Kings, and Gold for the Commerce of Nations, and awakes, as it were, from its Wintry Sleep Corn for the Sustenance of Human Life.

In like Manner have you, the genuine Offspring of our *Alma Mater*, at length roused from their Lethargy the liberal Arts, and Sciences : You have conducted our Academical Youth,

acc^on^o-----

eruditionis ambages, summo non sine
nixu, seroque fudoris fructu, prius eva-
gari consuetam, breviori nec non et
amoeniori tramite ad studiorum duxisti
metam; uti jam liceat facros fontes, nec
limo turbatos, haurire; rosasque grati-
arum, nec spinis horrentes, carpere: Pi-
entissimam regiam erga majestatem, fide-
libus vestris graviter interpositis officiis, a-
cademiam integerrimi principis liberali-
tate remunitam auxisti; Minervæ pugiles,
MADDENI jampridem munificèntia suc-
censos, in famæ palæstram honestissimis
impulisti stimulis, forumque bonarum li-
terarum constituisti pulcherrium, quod-
que brevi talibus sub auspiciis auguror
fore celeberrimum atque frequentissi-
mum.

PERGE,

accustomed formerly to wander through the rugged Mazes of Erudition, not without the most painful Struggles, and late Fruit of their tedious Toil, by a shorter and more pleasant Path to the Goal of their Studies ; so that now they may quaff the Sacred Fountains, undisturbed with Mud, and pluck the Roses of the Graces, unattended with thorny Difficulties. You have by the most vigorous Interposition of your faithful Offices enriched a College, remarkable for its dutiful Attachment to Royal Majesty, re-enforced by the Bounty of a Prince, most eminent for his Integrity : You have spirited up by the most honourable Incentives the Champions of *Minerva*, long since inflamed by the Munificence of a *MADDEN*, into the Lists of Fame, and established a most amiable Mart of excellent Literature, and which, under such Auspices, I foresee, will soon become the most celebrated and frequented.

PRO-

PERGE, vir spectatissime, fausto, quo
copisti, pede; diuque Musarum domi-
cilio, cui praefides, communis sis tutela;
pariter et ornamento.

INTEREA, qua dignari soles humanita-
te, qua benevolentia, quaque benigni-
tate scriptorem, iisdem hosce sonatus,
utcunque debiles, honeste saltem in-
tentos, excipe; meque omnino tibi,
vestraeque societati crede plurimis tum
publicis, tum privatis nominibus addic-
tum, penitusque devinctum.

Pro-

PROCEED, most respected Sir, in the same happy Track, in which you have commenced, and may you long approve yourself the common Guardian, as well as Ornament of that Mansion of the Muses, over which you preside.

IN the mean Time receive these Essays, however feeble, at least well intended, with the same Humanity, the same Benevolence, and the same Kindness, with which you are wont to honour their Author, and believe me to remain on very many public, and private Accounts altogether devoted, and thoroughly bound to you, and your Society.

I R E N E.

I R E N E:

CARMEN HISTORICUM.

ROMANOS dum musa modos alienaque
tentat

Regna, tremens dubio passu sub luce maligna,
Heu! proucul altisoni numeros imitata maronis,
Aeriæ comitemque viæ, lumenque laboris
Te, Boylæ, vocat; te non ignota revift,
Quæ, primis admota annis mentique tenellæ,
Pieridum nitidos puerum te duxit in hortos.
Ergo adfis, dum veris honos, et blanda voluptas,
Crescentis vitæ callem tibi floribus ornans,
Ridet adhuc, mentisque calor fert otia passim
Grata quidem levibus, sed amœnis fallere nugis:
His favet ipsa, sagax munito numine, Pallas,
Atque monet juvenes altis proludere cœptis.
Sensim assurgentes. Teque, ecce! volubilis ætas
Ad majora rapit: Sapientum evolvere scripta,
Græcia quos peperit, quos artibus inclyta Roma,
Nec minor his, Britonum, Phœbo carissima, tellus:
Hinc regere eloquio populos sanctumque senatum,

Et

I R E N E:

An Historical Poem.

IN Roman Measures while the trembling Muse
Through foreign Climes her doubtful Pace
pursues,
Tracing in vain beneath malignant Rays
Majestic *Maro*'s ever-living Lays,
She thee invokes with artless Voice, Oh *Boyle*!
To grace her Numbers, and attend her Toil;
Thee she revisits, not an alien Guest,
The faithful Guardian of thy tender Breast,
In early Dawn who led thee to the Shades,
And cultur'd Gardens of the tuneful Maids.
Comethen, while vernal YOUTH exerts her Pow'rs,
And strows the Path of growing Life with Flow'rs
Gay-Smiling, licenc'd to deceive the Time
With Trifles light, embellish'd yet with Rhime:
Pallas herself, severely Sage, invites
Her soaring Sons by such prolusive Flights
To loftier Efforts. Lo! the rolling Years
Impell thee to revolve the letter'd Seers
Of *Greece* and *Rome*, renown'd for Arts divine;
Nor yet less dear to *Phœbus* and the nine

Britannia's

Et leges munire sacras, ac jura tueri,
 Concilioque gravi patriam fulcire labantem,
 Atque novum claræ poteris deus addere genti.
 Iamque ingens aperitur opus, campusque pa-
 tescit:

Tu quoque florenti jam nunc grateris alumnno,
 Alma parens: illum noster labor imbre rigavit
 Castalio viridem, et Phœbea lampade fotum
 Finxit, et hunc tecum saltem partitur honorem.

JAM Scythiaæ linquens hyemes, campusque
 perenni

Constrictos glacie, solique impervia regna,
 Gens effræna virum vastabat cladibus orbem
 Attonitum. Non perpetuis juga cæna pruinis,
 Murorumque moræ, rapidos non aquora confus
 Oppositæve acies fistunt. Orientis ab oris,
 Occiduum ad Phœbūm, qua littora Bosphorus
 urget

Affiduo frenitu, dirâ cum strage procella
 Intonat. Euxini fluctus et Caspia regna,
 Caucasiaæ rupes, vastique tremunt jugâ Tauris.
 It supplex rotiles volvens Pactolus arenas.

QUINETI

*Britania's Lore: Hence may thy Tongue, supply'd
 With Eloquence, the People rule, and guide
 The sacred Senate ! hence with solid Weight
 Of temper'd Counsel prop a sinking State,
 Assert her Laws, her Liberties with Grace,
 And add new Glories to thy noble Race.
 And now behold the mighty Work begun,
 And Prospect fair ! congratulate thy Son,
 Parent of Arts. Yet verdant as he grew,
 My Labour bath'd him with Castalian Dew,
 Confirm'd him, cherish'd by thy *Pæan's* Rays,
 And claims at least this Portion of thy Praise.*

DESERTING *Scythian*, wintry Rivers bound
 With Ice eternal, and a dreary Ground,
 Impervious to the Sun, a Savage Brood
 Ravag'd the Globe, and rioted in Blood :
 Not Mountains, hoary with perpetual Frost,
 And Walls oppos'd, not Arms of *Ocean*, tost
 With raging Billows, or the banded Force
 Of adverse Armies intercept their Course
 Resistless, rapid. From *Eöan* Shore,
 To setting *Phœbus*, where with ceaseless Roar
 Indignant *Bosphorus* his Banks deforms,
 The Tempest thunders with repeated Storms :
 Mad *Euxine* surges feel the dreadful Shocks,
 The *Caspian* Kingdoms, huge *Caucasian* Rocks
 And *Taurus* tremble : With submissive flow
Pactolus rolls his golden Tribute slow.

B

MOREOVER

QUINETIAM imperiis tot quondam Græcia
terras,

Tot populos complexa ruit. Jam regia cingit
Mœnia victor ovans: tormentis ferrea grando
Funditur, et celsas quatunt nova fulmina turres.
Murorum solidâ tandem compage solutâ,
Ingreditur, captâque ferox dominatur in ȳrba
Hostis: inhorrentes ferro flammante, catervæ
Hinc atque hinc ruunt, et late funera spirant:
Ut quondam hyberni, subversis molibus, amnes
Infremuere fretis, et agros petiere patentes,
Volventes gregibusque necem, Stabulisqueruinam.
In summis jam jam vexilla trementia muris
Auratas pandunt vento diffundere lunas
Velorum in morem. Collecto robore clausas
Convellunt portas, et inundant strata viarum
Milite: tum rapidas jactant ad culmina flamas;
Sævit atrox ignis, victorque incendia volvit
Cum strepitu; cælum et longe maria alta relucent.
Bacchatur furor hinc, et plena licentia ferro.

Sternitur

MOREOVER *Greece*, which spread her vast Do-
mains

O'ersuch wide Realms, and held in captive Chains
So many Nations, ruinous now falls :
The Victor now surrounds the regal Walls
Of proud *Byzantium* : Whizzing fly the Show'rs
Of Iron Hail, and shake her lofty Tow'rs.
At length her solid Bulwarks batter'd down,
The Foe fierce lords it o'er the vanquish'd Town :
From various Quarters rush the raging Bands,
Their flaming Faulchions with impetuous Hands
Wide-wave, and breathe Destruction without
Bounds :

As wintry Rivers, bursting through their Mounds,
Roar o'er the Plains, and with redundant Sway
O'erwhelm whole Flocks, and sweep the Folds
away.

Their trembling Standards now expand like Sails
Their gilded Crescents to the sportive Gales,
High-Streaming a'er the Ramparts : Now they
bend

Their Force collected, violently rend
The bolted Gates, and o'er the Pavements wide
The Streets float murmur'ring with a martial Tide.
Swift Flames they dart to vaulted Roofs ; the Fire
Despotic rages, with Combustion dire
And crackling Ruin fed ; with wild Amaze
The Skies and Main reflect the baneful Blaze.

Sternitur infelix populus discrimine nullo ;
 Insontes sternuntur humi, gliscentibus iris,
 Infantes, canique patres, castæque puellæ,
 Et gemitus totâ morientum effunditur urbe.

IPSE Mahummedes, fulgentibus arduuus armis,
 Agmen agit, bello invictus, cæcumque tumultum

Dirigit, exacuens iras, et funera miscet.
 Hinc luctus gelidusque pavor comitantur euntem,
 Et Lethum crudele : lavat vestigia sanguis.
 Nec mora ; regales populatrix turba penates
 Aggreditur ; rupto æratæ jam cardine valvæ
 Diffiliunt, temeratque novus loca sacra tumultus.
 Tum fragor armorum, tum planctus ingeminare
 Fœminei, mixtæque minæ : ferit æthera clamor.

AT Cæsar, fatis utcunque oppressus inquis,
 Cuncta videns amissa et ineluctabile nūmen,
 Pugnat adhuc inter primos, et pectora bello
 Fida, nec indecorem quærens per volnra mortem. [moventem
 Hunc audontem animis, at adhuc vana arma

Hostis

Hence Fury maddens, and with wanton Sway,
The deathful Blade depopulates its Way:
Without Remorse the Multitude expires,
Innoxious Infants, venerable Sires,
Chaste Maidens drop promiscuous to the Ground,
And Lamentations through the Town resound.

Lo! *Mahomet* himself aloft array'd
With shining Arms, in Battle undismay'd,
Leads on a Band, provokes to furious Deed,
Directs the Rout, and bids the Carnage bleed.
Sharp Anguish, frozen Fear and cruel Doom
Attend: With Glory Tide his Paces fume.
Nor Pause ensues: rude Violence prevails,
A wasteful Crowd the Royal Dome assails:
Heav'd from their Hinges fly the brazen Gates,
And Tumult strange profanes the sacred Seats:
The Crash of Armour, mix'd with female Cries,
And hostile Threatnings, rend the frightened Skies.

But *Cæsar* brave, however deep-distrest,
By sad Reverse of bitter Fortune prest,
Observing all Resources in his Woe
Were lost, and Heav'n decreed the fatal Blow,
Yet fights among the foremost Heros, try'd
In War, and faithful to the vanquish'd Side,
Nobly resolves to sacrifice his Breath,
And rush through Wounds on honourable Death.

Hostis atrox cingit, mediisque in milibus unum
Claudit, et eversum sternit: tum multa pedum
vis

Insilit, illiditque solo, calcatque, premitque
Expirantem animam: non regia celsa gementi
Adgemit; exuperat misto clamore tumultus,
Et longe sævas voces vasta atria volvunt:
Concidit informi letho; pariterque vetustum
Imperium ruit, et ductum per secula regnum.

INTEREA rapitur, magnâ comitante catervâ,
Eximiâ virgo formâ, et florentibus annis,
Quam, trepidam dubioque sequentem devia passu,
Cum clamore trahunt captam, spolia alma ty-
ranno.

Constitit hæc cœtû in medio, fine more fluentes
Sparsa comas, lacrymisque genas madefacta de-
coras:

Qualis ubi lucis portas Aurora recludit;
Qua roseos tollit vultus Dea, rore madescunt
Punicei flores, gemmataque prata renident.

MIRANTUR taciti proceres, hastasque cohortes
Inclinant, densæque inhiant, et singula lustrant.

Infelitam

Him bold of Heart, and wielding Arms in vain,
Fell Foes attack, and level on the Plain,
Inclos'd by thousands: Steel'd against Remorse,
Successive Crowds insult his bleeding Corse
With spurning Heels, in Dust inglorious roll
His mangled Limbs, and mock the gasping Soul.
In vain the Palace would remit his Moans,
The blended Tumult drowns his dying Groans:
The vaulted Roofs and spacious Halls rebound
The long-revolving, ear-afflicting Sound.
Deform'd he lies, and with him tumble down
His ancient Scepter and imperial Crown.

MEAN while a Maid amid the Throng appears
Of beauteous Figure, and in blooming Years,
Whom trembling, wand'ring with Uproar they
A grateful Booty to their lustful King. [bring,
With flowing Hair she stood among the Crew,
The crystal Drops her cherry Cheeks bedew.
As when *Aurora*, first reveal'd to Sight,
Unbars the Gates of *Empyrean* Light,
Where'er the Goddess through the liquid Space
Displays the Beauties of her rosy Face,
The purple Flow'rs, be-dropt with dewy Beads,
Unfold their Sweets, and smile the gemmy Meads.

IN Admiration stand the silent Peers,
The warlike Bands incline their pointed Spears;
They

Insolitam speciem ac divinæ munera formæ,
 Ambrosiasque comas ; teneris rorantia nimbis,
 Lumina, marmoreumque premens suspiria pectus

Spectat inexppletum, subito perculsus amore,
 Rex Asiæ, figitque avidos in virgine voltus.
 Tum fari hortatur, quæ sit, quo sanguine creta,
 Quid petat, ac trepidam verbis solatur amicis.

ILLA diu, ceu nulla foret medicina doloris
 Infandi, qualis puro de marmore virgo
 Ficta, filet, fixisque oculis et pectore torpet
 Decolor. At tandem respirat pectus anhelum ;
 Resplendent oculi radiis, atque ora rubescunt.
 * Ac veluti citharam doctus pulsare sonantem,
 Et liquido cantu suspenfas ducere mentes,
 Protinus haud summâ magicam vim voce resolvit,
 Dulcia sed tenui flectens modulamina motu,
 Proludit, furtimque animis illabitur imis :

Talis

* Qual musicò gentil, prima che chiara
 Altamente la lingua al canto snodi :
 All' harmonia gli animi d' altri prepara
 Con dolci ricercate, in bassi modi :
 Così costei, che ne la doglia amara
 Gia tutte non oblia l' arti et le frodi ;
 Fadi sospir breve concento in prima
 Per dospor l'alalma, in cui le voci imprima.

Tasso Gierus:

Canto 16: Stanza 4.

They crowd a-gape, and trace each finish'd Line;
Her matchless Graces and her Form divine:
Her Locks ambrosial, dew-distilling Eyes,
And marble Bosom, that restrain'd her Sighs,
The Monarch views, and smit with sudden Flame,
Intense, insatiate gazes on the Dame:
He then exhorts the melancholy Fair
Her Name, her Birth, and Station to declare,
Demands her Pleasure, and with Accents kind,
And soft Demeanour sooths her fearful Mind.

As if her Grief admitted of no Cure,
She, like some Virgin feign'd of marble pure,
Long mute remains: Her Eyes, as fix'd in Death,
And Bosom freeze-At length returns her Breath,
And Bosom beats: her orient Eyes renew
Their wonted Beams, her Lips their coral-Hue;
And as a Master of the lenient Lyre,
Cunning to strike the many-sounding Wire,
Or lull with vocal Airs the ravish'd Sense,
And lead attentive Audience in Suspense,
Begins his Raptures not in highest Key,
But low-remit the modulated Lay
With soft Preamble, magical to roll
With felon Pace, and glide into the Soul:

Such

Talis et hæc artis memor in discrimine tanto,
 Languidulum demissa caput, de pectore longa,
 Ægre tarda trahit suspiria fingultanti,
 Et lacrymis faciles aditus ad pectora pandit:
 Circumfusa armis, roseo dein incipit ore,
 Quo magis ætherei splendescit gratia voltus.

○ REX! attonitum vasto qui turbine mundum
 Concutis invictus, patriasque ad moenia lunas
 Erigis, invalidæ saltēm miserere puellæ,
 Jam passæ mala dura, et adhuc graviora timentis:
 Non humili tamen, et plebeio sanguine creta,
 Complector genua illacrymans, at Regibus orta
 Sceptrigeris, quibus hæc olim pulcherrima tellus
 Paruit, exultans meliori Græcia fato.
 Ipse etiam Cæsar, qui funera multa suorum
 Viderat, heu! miser, et miserā jam sorte peremptus,
 Me natam, caræ geneticis nomine dictam
 Irenen, in spem regni pater optimus alti
 Eduxit: jam vincla ferunt contraria fata.

O patria!

Such she mature; and mindful of her Art,
In utmost Peril plays the female Part,
Inclines the languid Head, and after Pause
A long slow Train of deep-fetch'd Sighs she draws:
Her Tears, the streaming Harbingers of Woes,
An easy Passage to his Heart disclose,
And, thick-encircled with the Gleam of Arms,
With Siren Tongue shethus endears her Charms.

O KING ! whose Hand appals the peopled
Ball

With martial Storm, and on *Byzantium*'s Wall
Erects thy native Moons, let Pity plead
At least in Favour of a feeble Maid,
A spotless Maid, who lamentably bore
A Load of ills, yet greater dreads in Store :
Not low-descended from *Plebeian* Race,
A weeping Suppliant I thy Knees embrace,
But sprung from regal Ancestors, who sway'd
This goodly Land, whom happier *Greece* obey'd.
Imperial *Cæsar*, who had seen the Doom
Of many Sons, extinguish'd in their Bloom,
O sad Reverse of honourable State !
Ah ! Whetched he, and lopp'd by wretched
Fate,
Me nam'd *Irene* from my Mother fair,
His darling Daughter with peculiar Care
Rear'd to sustain the wide-commanding Reins
And Scepter,—now converted into Chains.

O Country !

O patria ! O genitor ! domus O per secula terræ
 Regnatrix ! vos tempa Dei, demissaque cælo
 Relligio ! ergo omnes radice evertit ab ima
 Gens effusa polo, atque æterni numinis ira :
 Me tamen haud lethi facies vibrataque terrent
 Spicula; descendam læto jam funere ad imos,
 Casta tamen, Manes, et digna parentibus umbra.
 Quin resera hoc gremium, vitamque abrumpe
 morantem.

Sed te per teneros, sensit si pectus, amores,
 Per dulces natos, casti per foedera lecti,
 Per majorum umbras oro, per quicquid ubique
 est

Sacrati, prohibe infandos a corpore tactus,
 Neu mihi virgineos vis barbara polluat artus.

Hæc ait, et gemitus pressit luctantia verba.
 Stant Proceres, innixi hastis, insuetaque flectit
 Corda dolor; lacrymæ manant invita per ora.

Non

O Country! Father! Mighty House, whose
Hand

Through Ages rul'd this fair prolific Land!

Ye Temples of the Sole Omnipotent,

And bright Religion from his Mansion sent!

A *Scythian* Race and Heav'n's avenging Ire

With total Ruin in your Fall conspire:

Yet me no Terrors menacing, no Sight

Of instant Death and pointed Darts affright;

Joyful shall I the dreary Realms pervade,

A Virgin Victim and a princely Shade.

Transfix this Bosom to conclude the Strife,

And quick curtail the Thread of lagging Life.

But by thy Loves, if ever, prone to melt,

Thy tender Breast their soft Emotions felt,

By the dear Pledges of thy plighted Hands,

Thy Children, Confort, chaste connubial Bands,

By those renown'd Progenitors of thine,

Their Shades; all Sanctions human and divine,

Guard, I conjure thee, from approaching Shame,

Nor let Pollution violate this Frame.

SHE spoke, and heaving from her panting
Breast

Deep Sighs and Groans her stifled Words repress'd,

Around her Stand the military Peers,

With dumb Attention resting on their Spears:

Their

Non eadem Regi facies, non pristina mansit
 Durities; animum species præclara loquentis
 Accedit, majorque afflictæ gratia formæ.
 Tunc olli brevitur: quis te, pulcherrima virgo,
 Læderet, aut castum violaret criminè corpus
 Crudelis? non hæ nobis victoribus iræ:
 Solve metus, neu finge animo nos impia ferre
 Sceptra, et funestis sævos gaudere triumphis.
 Glòria non mendax, non prædæ prava cupidò
 Armatos in bella trahunt; ast ardua jussa
 Divini vatis, cælique suprema voluntas,
 Exulet ut vetus impietas, ut fulgeat alte.
 Vera fides, magnis ut eat sub legibus orbis.
 Ipse tibi, incensus tantæ virtutis amore,
 Munera magna feram, majoraque regnæ paternis
 Subjiciam; preme singultus. His demere dictis
 Æger amore studet curas, solvitque timorem.

HANC Selymus, Regis teneras cui cura legendi
 Delicias, et feminineæ custodia prædæ
 Credita, deditc mœstam in penetralia celsa
 Lætantes inter turbas crepitantiaque arma.

IMPERII

Their Hearts relent with unaccustom'd Woe,
And down their Cheeks the Tears unwilling flow.
No more the King his former Aspect wears,
His harden'd Horrors and imperious Airs,
Charm'd by the Graces of her sweet Address,
And Beauty yet more charming in Distress.
Thus briefly he: What Monster could infest,
Most beauteous Maid, or stain that vestal Breast
With touch impure? Victorious as we wage
Heroic War, we harbour not such Rage:
Expell thy Fears, nor fancy, that we joy
In fell Misrule, or triumph to destroy.
Not Tinsel-Glory, nor the Lust of Prey
Inflame our Courage, and with Arms array;
But our great Prophet's absolute Commands,
And H^eav'n's high Will, to banish from these Lands
Their impious Rites, that upright Faith may shine
Aloft, the World obey her Laws divine.
Ev'n I, transported with thy Virtue rare,
Shall make that Virtue my peculiar Care,
Amply reward, and yield my lovely Maid
A greater Kingdom, than her Father sway'd:
Restrain thy Sobs. He love-sick sooths her Ears,
And with such Accents dissipates her Fears.

HER *Selymus*, appointed to purvey
The Monarch's Joys, and guard the female Prey,
Leads to the Palace. sorrowful through Swarms
Of glad Spectators and the Din of Arms.

The

IMPERII rex inde gravi de pondere, rerum
 Multa movens, pendensque animo molimina,
 canis.

Cum patribus, qua vi possit frænare superbas,
 Indomitasque ferire procul formidine gentes,
 Quas bello vastare, quibus dare jura subactis,
 Consulit, et regni surgentis lubrica firmat.

INTEREA summo, jussu victoris, honore
 Excipitur virgo. Thalamis fulgentibus ostro,
 Auratis excelsa toris, et murice spreto,
 Mœsta jacet : sculptas onerant convivia mensas.
 Nequicquam, vinum gemmato ardescit in auro.
 Centum florentes formâ et juvenilibus annis,
 Barbara quas acies, regum de stirpe creatas,
 Sedibus abripuit crudeli sorte paternis,
 Circumstant agiles nymphæ, blandisque morantur
 Officiis : fundit dulci pars carmina voce ;
 Pars tremulos docto percurrit pollice pervos,
 Scilicet infixas ut possint fallere curas,
 Exuat et sensim lento mens ægra dolores.

Ipse

THE King with hoary Sires in deep Debate
Revolving weighs the big Affairs of State,
Consults what Nations insolent a-far
With Terror he might strike, or waste with War,
Whom to subdue, and whom subdu'd with
Awe

Hold in Subjection, and restrain with Law ;
And thus he labours firmly to sustain
The doubtful Fabric of his rising Reign.

MEAN while the Victor's Orders are obey'd,
And highest Honours offer'd to the Maid :
In stately Chambers, bright with *Tyrian* Dies,
Much in her Mind she ruminating lies,
Disconsolately sad, with high Disdain :
Delicious Banquets onerate in vain.
The splendid Boards, adorn'd with figur'd Frames,
In studded Gold the purple Nectar flames :
An hundred Nymphs in Beauty's youthful
Bloom
Of Royal Race, whom (Vassalage their Doom)
The Foes, exulting in rapacious Feats,
Remorseless ravish'd from their native Seats,
With Eyes observant, and with pliant Hands,
Officious wait, and court her gay Commands.
Some roll soft Measures from melodious Throats,
With tuneful Touch some wake the *Lyric* Notes,
With sweet Deceit her Troubles to compose,
And cure her canker'd Mind of gnawing Woes.

Ipse ferox victor, durum cui pectus amore
 Aestuat, assiduis precibus fastidia tendit
 Vincere; nunc supplex votis; nunc leniter urgens
 Blanditiis; nec non promissa ingentia miscet,
 Regalem exponens oculis longo ordine pompam.

Quid potuit virgo infelix? qua rumpere
 tantas
 Insidias? qua vi saevis obsistere fatis?
 Hinc regalis honos, menti quoque grata potestas
 Fœminæ, gestuque decens, et compore forti.
 Florescens, clarusque faventi marte tyrannus
 Solicitant: subitâ absterrent prostrata ruinâ
 Inde paterna domus, miseræ sola ipsa superficies
 Reliquiæ, ac tepidi cognato fanguine rivi.

At natura trahens intus, spes læta, juventus
 Flexilis, ipsa dies, quæ lenit acerba, labantem
 Evicere animum, fallacisque ardor amoris,
 Dulcis inexpertæ. Qualis flos, imbre gravatus,
 Labitur, et moestis moriens languescit in hortis:
 At zephyro spirante, levis se tollit ad auras,
 Purpureos pandens læto sub sole colores:

Haud

The Victor fierce, whose flinty Bosom boils
With glowing Love, renew's his anxious Toils,
And strives to conquer her august Disdain,
With Vows now suppliant, now with soothing
Strain,

Then adds huge Promises, at length displays
His princely Pomp, and bids her Wonder gaze.

UNHAPPY Maid ! How could she shun such
Baits ?
With what Resolves resist the cruel Fates ?
Hence Regal State, Dominion unconfin'd,
For ever grateful to a Female Mind,
A youthful Prince of manly Port, renown'd
For dauntless Valour, and with Conquest
crown'd,

Allure her : Thence her House in Ruin low,
Herself the sole Survivor of it's Woe,
And Streams yet warm with Kindred Blood
Aversive Horrors, and Ambition chill. [instill

BUT urging Instinct, Hope, in Prospect gay,
Soft yielding Youth, Calamity's Allay
Long-during Time, and Love's fallacious Flame,
Sweet to the Maiden unexperienc'd Dame,
Subdu'd her Mind. As loaded sinks a Flow'r,
And dying languishes beneath a Show'r,
But, lightly rising with respiring Gales,
It's blushing Beauties to the Sun reveals :

Haud secus Irene, luctu lacrymisque fugatis,
 Enituit : medios inter regina triumphos
 Incedit, niveam cingens diademate frontem,
 Exultans umbris, titulisque inflata superbis.
 An misera ! immitem teneris amplexibus hostem
 Immemor eversæ patriæ cæsique parentis,
 Ergo foves facilis, fortisque ignara futuræ.

JAM belli vox rauca filet : non ærea cantu
 Accendit tuba terribiles ad prælia turmas ;
 Non undare crux, non armis fulgere campus ;
 Mœnia non tremere, horribili concussa fragore :
 Asper et exutâ mollescit casside miles
 Regis ad exemplum, luxuque effrænis inerti
 Lascivit. Viridem pars lente fusa per herbam,
 Umbriferas inter frondes et murmur aquarum
 Concentusque avium, longis exhausta periclis,
 Membra foveat, vetiti libans carchesia bacchi,
 Instauratque dapes : Cæco pars volnere fixa
 Haurit amans teneras curas et blanda venena,

Cap-

Such shone *Irene*, such in Charms excell'd;
Her Tears, her Anguish, and her Grief expell'd:
Triumphant now she moves a mighty Queen
With grander Gait and more majestic Mien,
Her snowy Front with Diadem surrounds,
Exults in Shadows, and is puff'd with Sounds.
Ah wretched Confort ! Can thy Bosom glow
In soft Embraces with a ruthless Foe,
Forgetful of thy Country's ruin'd State,
Thy Father slain, and blind to future Fate ?

Now War was hush'd; no more the brazen
Of Battle, stings the Military Throng ; [Song
No longer Gore in livid Torrent Streams,
Nor wide the Field with polish'd Armour beams;
Nor solid Walls of close connected Rocks
Yawn hideous, trembling with convulsive Shocks:
The Soldier harden'd, and in Perils try'd,
Now soften'd lays his rigid Shield aside, [maze
Apes the fond Monarch, and through Pleasure's
Unbridled roves, and revels at his Ease.
On verdant Meadows indolently laid,
In Arbours, cool with interwoven Shade,
By purling Stream some, circled by the Song
Of Birds concenting, stretch their Limbs along,
Fatigu'd with tedious Toil; forbidden Wine
They quaff luxuriant, and on Dainties dine :
Some, lull'd in Love, foment the pleasing Pain,
Fan the slow Flame, and drink delicious Bane,

Captarum illecebris, et gratâ compede vincit.
 Qualis ubi rapido belli de fulmine Mavors
 Pulverulentus adhuc, et fervens cæde recenti,
 Viætus amore, Cyprum quærens Paphiosque re-
 Cælestes petit amplexus ac dulcia fuita. [cessus,
 Tum belli sanguine minæ; fremit ira pavorque
 Nequicquam; infrenet telo mors atra represso,
 Candidaque effulget lætis pax reddita terris.

SED non longa quies: accedit pristinus ardor
 Corda virûm, ac turpi pudet indulisse veterno:
 Extimulat pietas atrox; ciet alta priorum
 Gloria gestorum, simul et satiata libido;
 Quo magis eniteat pulchro certamine virtus;
 Ergo indignantes luxu fregisse vigorem,
 Quam multi horrisono fervescunt littore fluætus,
 Arma fremunt omnes, et mollia vincula rumpunt,

PRÆTEREA volgis non cæcomur nare regem,
 Iratis verum clamoribus atque querelis
 Incusat, quem turpè levis muliercula viætum
 Indigno tenet amplexu, dum colligit hostis

Dis-

Entic'd by Beauty, darting Rays around,
 In grateful Fetters to their Captives bound,
 As when desisting from the rapid Gust
 Of dreadful Battle, *Mars* besmear'd with Dust,
 And reeking yet with recent Gore, retreats
 To blooming *Cyprus* and the *Paphian* Seats,
 He yields to Love, with *Cytherea* toys,
 Dissolv'd in Raptures and felonious Joys.
 Then silent sink the Threats of War ; in vain
 Revenge and Terror mutter through the Plain,
 Death gnashes over her unactive Sword,
 And Peace shines gladsome to the World restor'd.

BUT short the Pause ; their antient Ardour
 And Honour loathes to batten in Repose ; [glows,
 Barbarian Piety, the soaring Fame
 Of former Actions, and the galling Shame
 Of sated Lust, re-animate their Hearts
 In fairer Fields to act heroic Parts,
 Incens'd; indignant to have toy'd away
 Their manly Vigour in lascivious Play.
 Thick as vext Billows riot o'er the Sands,
 All shout for Arms, and break their silken Bands.

BESIDES the Vulgar, not with secret Sting,
 But open Clamours criminate their King,
 Whom, Shame, O Shame ! a worthless Woman
 charms,
 And holds imprison'd in her idle Arms,

While

Dispersas acies, et bellum sponte minatur.
Hæc agitant, gliscitque truci violentia turbæ.

SENSE R A T insolito misceri cuncta tumultu
Mustapha, quem claro virtus insignis honore
Evexit, Regique dedit pollere secundum
Imperio: metuens igitur ne serperet ultra
Tanta mali labes, rapiantque incendia vires,
Præcipitare moras statuit, regemque requirit:
Inventum supplex trepido veneratur honore,
Atque ita sublimem compellat voce tyrannum.

O DECUS heroum! summi fate sanguine vatis,
Quem tellus devicta tremit, qua flavus hydaspes
Gurgite fumanti tepidos secat aureus agros,
Thræiceas longe ad brumas Hebrumque nivalem,
Sit fas vera loqui, sinceraque promere dicta,
Quæ monet officii studiique audacior ardor,
Asperiora licet; vestræ res aspera poscunt.

Quicquid sol oriens lustrat, terras, ubi
nunquam
Romani fulsere aquilæ, devicimus armis:

Nunc

While fierce the Foe with recollect'd Might
Denounces Vengeance, and provokes the Fight.
Licentious thus each mutinies aloud,
And boiling Discord rages through the Crowd.

EGREGIOUS *Mustapha*, whose Merit shone,
High-rais'd, and but inferior to the Throne,
Perceiv'd the Tumult, which, unheard before,
Rag'd through the Camp with universal Roar,
And fearing lest a Pestilence so dire
Should creep yet wider, and the Flames acquire
More fatal Force, impatient of Delay,
Strait to the King precipitates his Way :
The King he finds, with reverential Fears
Low bends, and thus accosts his haughty Ears.

O PRIDE of Heroes, in successive Line
Our mighty Prophet's Progeny divine !
Dread of that Nation, where with smoking Tides
Hydaspes rich the Subject Fields divides ;
Whose Empire stretches to the distant Shore
Of wintry *Tbrace* and frozen *Hebrus* hoar,
Truth let me tell, in Truth sincerely bold,
The faithful Dictates of my Soul unfold,
However harsh, which Duty would inspire,
And your Affairs harsh Medicines require.
Whatever Lands the rising Sun surveys,
Where *Roman* Eagles never soar'd to blaze,

Our

Nunc quoque tot ducibus, tot quondam lata
triumphis,

Græcia vasta cadit, regnique vetusta superbi
Fumat ad huc sedes, spumatque crûore recenti.
Unde quies igitur? Mentis pacatior unde
Et sopor imbellis? Cur Martis fulmina cessant?
Deterior bello nos luxus fregit. Ad arma,
En! iterum excusso densæ torpore catervæ
Conveniunt, hastasque minaci murmure vibrant,
Concussisque fremunt clypeis, Regemque re-
poscunt.

Cur medio, exclamant, languet victoria cursu?
Cur torpant dextræ, et cessat Bellona tonare?
Et nunc, attoniti repetitis cladibus, hostes
Exhaustas reparant vires. En! agmina cogunt,
Auratasque cruces levibus dant fulgere ventis.
Quid rex interea, dirâ quem strage cruentum
Horruerant toties, Græco qui sanguine tinxit
Flumina, et evertit fumantes fulmine muros?

Im-

Our Arms have humbled : *Greece* renown'd afar
For Leaders once, the Prodigies of War,
And tow'ring Triumphs, withers at thy Frown,
And wrapt in Ruin sinks her antient Town ;
The Seat, where Empire on its Basis stood,
In Ashes fumes ; and foams with tepid Blood.
Whence then this Quiet ? Whence this tame
Content ?

Why sleep the Thunders of our Armament ?
Luxurious Ease, more fell than War, at length
Hath dash'd our Spirits, and unbrac'd our
Strength.

But, lo ! thick, starting from their stupid Trance,
Again in Arms the mettled Bands advance,
Brandish their Spears, with Murmur threatful
ring

Their hollow Shields, and redemand their King.

“ Why thus, they cry, should Victory, so near,
“ Retreating, languish in her mid Career ?
“ Why freeze our Hands ? And why *Bellona*'s
“ Breath

“ Ceases to sound the dreadful Charge of Death ?
“ Now the late broken, profligated Foes
“ Repair the Ruins of their Overthrows :
“ They levy Legions, and expand on high
“ Their gilded Crosses, beaming to the Sky :
“ And what achieves that Royal Chief, who fell'd
“ Whole Troops ? Whose Arms with Horror
“ they beheld ?

“ Who

Imbelles foveat amplexus, in honestaque carpens
 Gaudia, captivum se fœdo tradit amori,
 Et spes in viridi jam jam succidit aristā.
 Scilicet hæc mandant divini oracula vatis ?
 Sic proavi meruere ? fidem sic per mala dura
 Bellorum extendis vindex, et marte tueris ?
 Surge, age, molle jugum collo excute clarus,
 ut olim,
 Egredere o nostrum jubar ! en ! horrentia ferro,
 Millia multa vocant : ingens clamore remugit
 Bosphorus, armorumque relucet fulgere cælum.

EXARSIT victor monitis, excussus amoris
 Torpor abit, rursumque animus fremit impiger
 arma.

* Sic bellator equus, quem mollis inertia pugnæ
 Detinet oblitum, per pascua læta vagantes
 Inter equas, mulcetque solutum blanda cupido,
 Arma crepant si forte, tubæ vel acuta sonet vox,
 Igne refervescit solito, tremit, arrigit aures ;
 Scintillant oculi : resonant hinnitibus arva.

Rex

* οὐ δέ τι στρατός ιστεος ἀκοστησας ἵπι φέρει,
 Δορπός αὐτοσπηγκας. &c. Hom ili. Lib: 6.

Quem locum imitatus est *Virgilius*, et forme sequavit.
 Torquatus quoque *Tassus*, uti solet, eleganter. *Gierus*: Canto 16:
 Stanza, 28. Qual feroce destrier ch'al faticoso
 Onor de l'arme vincito sia tolto &c.

“ Who purled Streams with *Grecian* Blood,
“ whose Balls,
“ Wing’d with red Lightning; overturn’d their
“ Walls ?
“ He pines, his Arms to fond Embraces opes,
“ And blasts the bladed Harvest of our Hopes,
“ To female Blandishments an abject Slave :
Are these the Mandates, which our Prophet gave ?
Play’d thus thy Fathers ? Dost thou thus extend
The Faith through Perils, and with Arms defend ?
Arise, shake off the lazy Yoke at last,
Again conspicuous, as in Trials past,
Shine forth our Sun : Lo ! many Thousands wield
Their flashing Blades, and call thee to the Field :
Broad *Bosphorus* resounds with loud Alarms,
And Heav’n reflects the Brazen Blaze of Arms.

THE Victor kindled at his Words : he drove
Quick from his Breast the Lethargy of Love :
Again the Sense of rising Fame returns,
He glows for Arms, and all the Hero burns.
The Warrior-horse, whom pamper’d Ease detains,
Thus wantons, heedless of his past Campains,
With Fillies, frisking through the joyful Fields :
But if the clashing of conflicting Shields,
Or clanging Trumpet martial Heat inspire,
He pants, re-kindles with his usual Fire,
Erect his Ears : keen flash his vivid Eyes,
The neighing Plains reverberate his Cries.

THE

REX breviter : quum lux reserabit crastina
cælum,
Agmina, dic, cœant instructis cuncta maniplis,
Atque forum repleant ; solium sublime locetur ;
Ipse adero, et vanos pellam ratione timores.
Dixerat : Ille, avidus tacita dulcedine, magni
Imperiosa ducis properans mandata faceſſit.

POSTERA cœruleos fluctus Aurora reliquit,
Pallidaque emergens extinxit fidera Titan,
Quum tuba clara canit : tunc agmina densa
coire
Cernere erat, justisque forum stipare maniplis,
Frænatis in equis inter quos limite longo
Ductores volitant, auroque ostroque decori
Pondere terra gemit ; per templa domosque co-
rufcat
Ænea lux, longoque illustrat fulgure cælum :
Mille tremunt vexilla, finusque ad flamina pan-
dunt
Purpureos ; curvæ discurrunt aere lunæ.
Stat circum instructus miles, pacataque vibrat
Tela manu : tremulâ ferrum fatale per auras
Luce fluit ; iduæ turba fremens movet ordine
denso.

Qualis

THE Monarch briefly : When To-morrow's Dawn,

Reveals the Sky, bid all our Troops be drawn,
In Files array'd, and fill a spacious Ring,
A lofty Throne be seated for your King :
We too shall there be present with our Peers,
And quell with Reason your ill-founded Fears.
He said : His Delegate with secret Glee
Speeds to perform the Monarch's dread Decree.

AURORA now forsook her azure Bed,
Pale from the Sun the faded Planets fled.
Loud Sounds the Trumpet : You might then
Survey The thicken'd Troops, in regular Array
Assembled, fill the spacious Ring : With Gold
And Purple deck'd, the gallant Leaders bold,
On bitted Steeds in graceful Order long
High-mounted, proudly pranced, and travell'd
through the Throng ;
Earth groans beneath : Through Domes and
Temples beams A brazen Light, and wide the Skies inflames.
A thousand Standards tremble, and display
Their waving Crescents to the Breezes gay.
The Soldier musters on the grand Parade,
And brandishes his late pacific Blade :
The fatal Steel emits a quiv'ring Glance,
In wedgy Ranks the noisy Bands advance :

Qualis ubi primum jubar extulit ætherius sol
 Mane novo, summum leviter quum flamina
 stringunt

Océanum, crispantur aquæ ; mox tollitur altum
 Magna mole furens ; albentibus æquora spumis
 Horrefunt, liquidique tonant ad littora montes.

INCERTI, quæ causa vocat, quidve instet
 agendum,
 Suspensi dubitant animis, quæruntque, paventque,
 Erecti ad strepitus vanos : quin corpore vasto
 Pulsaque, et impellens obstantes turba vicissim,
 Fluctuat huc illuc, varioque revolvitur æstu.

Ast ubi cum magno Princeps clangore tuba-
 rum
 Arduus ingreditur, multoque satellite cinctus ;
 Huc omnes tendunt, oculisque et mentibus hæ-
 rent.
 Haud secus alma Ceres, gravidis quæ nutat æ-
 riftis,
 Collis apricus ubi, aut, felix uligine, campus
 Semina læta fovet, dum vespertinus oberrat
 Aër, nec certo variantur cardine venti,

Huc

So when the Bride-groom Sun with radiant Eye
 Bursts from the Chambers of the Matin Sky,
 And gentle Gales o'er Ocean lightly sweep,
 With curling Surface smiles the glassy deep ;
 But soon it swells with mad tumultuous Rear,
 The foaming Billows chafe, and thunder to
 the Shore.

UNCERTAIN they, what urgent Cause had led
 The Forces forth; what Action to be sped,
 Bewilder'd guess, enquire, yet dread to know,
 Rous'd by vain Clamours and a fancy'd Foe.
 Hence waves the Multitude from Side to Side,
 Justled, and jostling with alternate Tide.

But when the Monarch, usher'd by the
 Sound
 Of Trumpets hoarse, and girt with Guards
 around,
 Aloft Approaches, smitten with Amaze,
 All tend to him, on him attentive gaze.
 So where some sunny Hill, or mellow Phin,
 Enrich'd with Ooze, fecundifies the Grain
 Of parent Seed, while Evening Air a-drift
 Floats, and the Winds with doubtful Eddy shift
 To various Points; boon *Ceres*, nodding low
 With bearded Burden, as the Breezes blow
 Inconstant, wavers with each veering Blast :
 But if keen *Eurus*, *Zephyr* mild at last,

D

Or

Huc levis atque illuc fluitat, qua spiritus urget
 Mobilis; at dubio si tandem regnet Olympo
 Eurusve, Zephyrusve, aut imbris humidus
 Auster,

Hæc sequitur facilis victorem; huic aurea culmos
 Flectit, et unanimi procumbit messe supinâ.

Exaltum in medio solium supereminet,
 amplis

Porrectum spatiis, multoque insternitur ostro:
 Consideret hic ingens Victor, simul inclyta regum
 Græcorum soboles, cui splendida murice et
 auro,

Vestis et insignis gemmarum luce coruscat;
 At velo caput abdiderat vultusque decoros.
 Tum vero cecidit sonus omnis, ut alta filet nox
 Jam media, et lethi lentos mentita sopores.
 Horrendus tandem manifestâ voce, tyrannus
 Surgentem effudit turbati pectoris æstum.

AUDIVI, nec me latuerunt murmurâ vestra
 Insanique, viri, questus; me nempe prioris
 Oblitum decoris, me, Religionis avitæ
 Immomorem, fœdo languere cupidine captum.

Scilicet

Or warmer *Auster*, moist with frequent Show'rs,
Alone exert his elemental Pow'rs,
The buxom Crop the Regent's breath attends,
And all its golden Heads obsequious bends.

HIGH in the Center stood a stately Throne
Extensive, ample, and with purple shone:
Here sat the Monarch, and the peerless Dame,
Deriv'd from Kings of long illustrious Name,
Byzantium Fair, whose flowing Garments blaze
With Die Sidonian, labour'd Gold and Rays
Of liquid Gems: but she with modest Grace
Had veil'd the Beauties of her lovely Face.
All Noise was hush'd, and mute was ev'ry
Breath,
As Midnight dos'd, deep counterfeit of Death:
Then after pause the Prince aloud express'd
The rising Tempest of his boiling Breast.

YOUR Murmurs, Warriors, your suspicious
Fears,
And wild Complaints have reach'd my wound-
ed Ears,
That I, forgetful of my former Fame,
Apostate languish with a baser Flame.
Are these, ungrateful, the Rewards ye bring?
And is it thus ye recognize your King?

Scilicet hæc merui? me siccine nostis, iniqua
Pectora, qui totum laceravi cædibus orbem
Christicolum, qui tantum everti e sedibus imis
Imperium? Eo quando me segnem, aut forte
morantem,

Vel cupidus vita, tranquilla actuta sequentem
Vidistis, dum pugna fuit? Vos testor, ut ultra
Incendentem alios, medioque in turbine belli
Pulvere conspersum, multoque crux rubentem.
Quis fluvios trahere ferox, quis incensu primus
Scandere per densos hostes, per tela, per ignes,
Seridentesque globos, et fæva tonnitrau ferro,
Atque triumphantes muris infigere lana?
Hæc mea laus, quid enim fileam, quod Græcia,
quod sol

Testatur, quod adhuc in pectore multa sicatrix?
Nec quisquam gladio fuit hoc instrutor ictu,
Dextera nec magis hac ditavit Manibus umbras.

CESSAVI.

Me, who have Ruin on Confusion hurl'd,
 And with vast Slaughter rent the Christian World ?
 Me, who could such a spreading Empire spurn,
 And from her fix'd Foundations overturn ?
 When have ye seen me, while the Battle rag'd,
 Slothful or laggard, where the brave engag'd ?
 When basely flying from the sanguine Strife,
 Pursuing Ease and ignominious Life ?
 Witness yourselves, with what heroic Might
 I kindled others to the dubious Fight,
 Amid the Whirlwind of the War all o'er
 Defil'd with dusty Clouds, and red with reek-
 ing Gore.
 Who dar'd to stem the River's rapid Fall ?
 Who first assai'd to scale the lofty Wall,
 Through Darts, through Flames of thick, op-
 posing Pow'rs,
 And hissing Balls of Lead, and rending Show'rs
 Of Iron Hail, and on the Ramparts raise
 Our Moon triumphant ? This, be this my Praise ;
 For why should I the purchas'd Honour shun ?
 Why not reveal what *Greece*, what yonder Sun,
 And what more glorious Monuments attest,
 These Wounds, not few, recorded on my Breast ?
 Nor bolder Arm than this was known to wield
 The Sword of Action in the martial Field,
 Nor, ever dextrous for the fatal Blow,
 Dispatch'd more spirits to the Shades below.

CESSAVI, fateor ; belli vox rauca parumper
 Conticuit ; ~~qd~~dimus nos corpora fessa quieti.
 Usque adeone pudet post tot discrimina rerum
 Aut animum ludis, aut membra fovere sopore?
 Nec venit in Mentem, quæ sit sors aspera vitæ
 Mortalis, quam fessa malis, infractaque poscat
 Alternas mens ægra vices ac dulce levamen.

INSUPER audite, atque animis mea figite
 dicta :

Rex sum, non titulos jactans et inania fœptra ;
 Haud vestrum est igitur scrutari condita Regis
 Pectora, sed tanquam præsenti numine flecti,
 Et voltus horrere sacros, nutusque vereri :
 Obsequii vobis contingit gloria ; fas est
 Imperii nobis ; lex nobis unica velle.
 Mors premit invitos : qui mussat, proditor esto.

QUID tamen admissu facinus ? quæ tanta per-
 egi ?

(Ut loquar ex æquo) quid enim ? male cautus
 amabam ;

Esto : novum crimen vos primi fingitis. Ergo
 Rex, juvenis, victor nunquam sine crimine a-
 mabit ?

Nil mos, nil leges, pietas nil tale profantur.

IPSE

I PAUS'D, I grant: The Dissonance of War
Wás hush'd a little, and we breath'd so far:
But is it Shame so many Toils to close,
Amuse the Mind, and give the Limbs repose?
Reflect ye not, how wretched is the State
Of mortal Life; how press'd beneath a Weight
Of galling Ills, the Soul demands allays
Of balmy Peace, and Intervals of Ease.

MOREOVER hear, and let my Words remain
Fix'd in your Minds: I am a King, not vain
Of titled Pomp and scepter; 'tis your Part
Never to dive into your Monarch's Heart,
But dread, as bending to a present God,
His sacred Looks, revere his awful Nod:
Obedience is your Pride, our claim divine
Supreme Dominion, and our Will our Line:
Let instant Death unwilling Slaves convince,
Each murmur is Rebellion to their Prince.

BUT say what Fault, what hainous Crime
have I
(To speak on equal Terms) committed? Why?
I lov'd incautious; grant it: first ye feign
A novel Crime, and of that Crime complain.
Shall then a Monarch in his youthful Prime,
A Victor never love without a Crime?
Our Customs, Laws and Piety profess
No such Restraints, such Rigour in Excess.

OUR

IPSE Mahummedes, qui sancta oracula cælo
 Deduxit, puramque fidem mortalibus ægris,
 Divinus vates, post duri prælia martis
 Otia fœmineo vacuus consumpsit amore.
 Quid pretii speret super ignea sidera virtus?
 Quem sequimur finem? perfunctis munere vita,
 Egregius deus ipse viris quæ dona rependet?
 Scilicet insignes præstanti corpore nymphas,
 Atque immortali florentes vere juventæ,
 Halantes per agros, ad aquarum murmurablaida,
 Concentus inter volucrum, viridante sub umbris
 Amplexi dabit, et viventes omne per ævum
 Carpere perpetuâ semper nova gaudia flammæ.

Huius at erroris (me si tamen abstulit error):
 Quæ mihi causa fuit, quæ discite, qualis origo,
 Compede qua teneor: quanquam sint ferrea vobis
 Corda quidem, faciles tamen ignoscentis amanti.
 Cernentes faciem, quæ me pulcherrima vicit,
 Aurora similem, et certantia lumina stellis.

Aspicite

OUR pious Chief, who from the sacred Shrine,
 From Heav'n reveal'd his Oracles divine,
 And wholesome Faith to sickly Souls, from Arms
 Releas'd; enjoy'd his Paradise of Charms
 In Holidays of Ecstacy. What Prize
 Can Virtue hope above the starry Skies ?
 What End pursue we ? What proportion'd
 Meeds
 Shall God confer on Heros for their Doeds ?
 Through fragrant Meadows, by the Murmurs
 bland
 Of cooling Streams among the feather'd Band
 Of woodland Warblers, under verdant Shades,
 To sport in Dalliance with angelic Maids
 Of perfect Form incomparable, gay,
 And flush'd with Beauty's ever-blooming May;
 To live, to roll in raptur'd Love's Abyss,
 And with fresh Flames imbibe immortal Blis.

But of this Error know the cause, the Source
 (If such an Error could misguide my Course)
 Bound as I am and to a Captive Dame,
 Your Hearts, tho' steely, must absolve my Flame ;
 When ye behold that Face, divinely fair,
 Which soft-subdu'd me with attractive Air,
 That Face, which speaks her Daughter of the
 Skies,
 With ruby Lips and Star-enamell'd Eyes :

Qui decor incessus ! quæ celsæ gratia frontis !
Aspice ; atque meum, si fas, reprendite crimen.

Hæc fatus, velum detraxit ab ore puellæ ;
Eminus illa stetit, clarâ sub luce videnda.
Qualis ubi, spissâ dudum sol conditus umbrâ,
Aureus emergit, tandem caligine pulsâ,
Splendidior : ridet diffuso numine cælum,
Ingentemque globum lætanti lumine vestit.
Non aliter, posito velamine, regia proles
Extulit os roseum, folioque resulfit ab alto.
Attonitæ stupuere acies, avidosque tuendo
Infixæ pascunt oculos, tacitæque perrerrant
Quam faciem ! qualij cum majestate venustam !
Atque genas, divâ dignas, ac laetæa colla,
Perque humeros niveos et eburnea pectora, leni
Ludentes vento, capitâs nigrantis honores.

INDE, repente quum primum orepta stupore
Libera mens rediit, tollunt ad fidera plausus
Sponte suâ, dignamque fatentur criminè formam.

CON-

Observe her graceful Port, her Front sublime,
And then arraign, if possible, my Crime.

HE said, and sudden from her Face withdrew
The Veil; she stood expos'd to public View,
As when the golden Sun, whom late the Shrowd
Of Darkness mantled, from the bursted Cloud
Emerges brighter; with a lucid Robe
Smile the broad Skies, and gladden all the Globe.
The Nymph unveil'd thus eminently shone,
With rosy Cheeks resplendent from her Throne.
The ravish'd Bands, astonish'd with Surprise,
Insatiate gazing, feast their eager Eyes,
And silent run enamour'd o'er her Face,
What Face! Adorn'd with what Majestic Grace!
Her dimpled Cheeks, which might a Goddess
deck,
With living Purple pure, her milky Neck,
And raven Locks, which wanton'd, as they
press'd
Her Snowy Shoulders, and her Iv'ry Breast.

BUT when their Minds, with dumb Amaze
intent, [Vent,

At length were free to give their Thoughts a
They loud extoll her Beauties, and declare
The Trespass venial for a Form so fair.

Hs

CONSTITIT, atque diu trux agmina circum-
spexit,

Terribiles volvens oculos; tum luridus atris
Insidiis, irisque ferox, dextraque loquaci
Murmura compescens, torvo sic edidit ore:
Jam satis est; facto me criminis solvitis uno
Ore omnes: talem quis princeps abnuat? illam
Victricem quis non agnosceret? æthere vates
Ipse ingens avidis vix talem amplectitur ulnis,
Es, fateor, mihi jure tuo carissima, voltu
Ænula cælicolis, animi neque dotibus impar,
Irene, mea lux, regum certissima proles:
Non solis radii, non vitæ carior ipse
Spiritus hic, non, qui nutrit præcordia, sanguis:
Est tamen his radiis, est vitæ carior aurâ
Gloria, et invidiâ tandem laus bellica major:
Nec frangent molles animum, ne fingite, curæ,
Quid quod amem? tamen et Rex sum, Bellator
et Heros.

Forsan

He stands, he pauses, round him as they rise,
 Surveys the Troops, and rolls his baleful Eyes,
 Then grim with Looks, which visibly preface
 Deep, dark Deceits, then impotent of Rage,
 And awing with his Hand their Murmurs loud,
 The turbid Tyrant thus address'd the Croud.
 Enough ! Enough : Your Suffrages at large,
 Acquit your Monarch of the fabled Charge :
 What potent Prince could forfeit such a Prize ?
 Who would not own the Conquests of her Eyes ?
 The mighty Prophet, crown'd with Bliss above,
 Scarce such Embraces in the Folds of Love.
 I must confess, you rule without Control,
 The just Dominion of my shackled Soul,
 In outward Graces, and in Gifts of Mind,
 A Match for Maidens of Aetherial Kind,
 Divine *Irene*, Lustre of my Days,
 Not dearer are the Sun's all-cheering Rays,
 The Breath of Life not dearer, nor the Blood,
 Which warms this Frame with Heart-reviving
 Flood :
 But Glory yet is dearer than those Rays,
 Than Life itself ; more precious is the Praise
 Of warlike Worth establish'd ; nor shall Rest,
 Or Love, unman the Purpose of my Breast.
 What though I love ? I still sustain my Part,
 The King's, the Warrior's, and the Hero's Heart,
 And

Forfan amantem ætas imbellem haud postera
 Fracta meas iterum plorabit Græcia vires, [tradet.
 Acciduique orbis dominatrix impia Roma :
 Ecce incensa ruunt delubra cruceisque profanæ,
 Et simulachrorum crepitat malesancta supellex.

Quin hæc accipite, et vestrum cognoscite
 Regem :

Audebit quicunque meos reprendere amores,
 Immensaorem carpens famæ, luxuque solutum,
 Quid carâ pro laude geram, quid vindice dextrâ,
 Molior, aspiciat, meque inde tremiscite cuncti.

Hæc ait et stringit gladium, raptimque per
 auras,
 Torquet, et obliquo descendit turbidus ictu
 In collum Irenes : Humeris caput illicet almis
 Exilit abscissum, rapiturque volubile tractu :
 At mutilus prono procumbit corpore truncus,
 Singultansque, tremesque rubentem tramite
 multo

Tor

And late Posterity may haply tell,
 I bravely triumph'd, though I lov'd so well.
 Again shall *Greece*, beneath my Rage oppress,
 And impious *Rome*, proud Tyrant of the West,
 Lament their Fates : Lo ! wrapt in Ruin round,
 Her blazing Temples tumble to the Ground ;
 Crosses profane, and Household Stuff, as vile,
 Of crackling Idols crumble in the Pile.

But hear my Words, and fully know your
 King,

Whoever dares with Petulance to sting
 My licens'd Loves, or vilify my Name
 As lost, abandon'd and estrang'd from Fame,
 Let him behold what I shall undertake
 For Praise, dear Praise's everlasting Sake,
 What Fate atchieve with this avengeful Hand,
 All mark, and tremble at my dread Command.

He said, unsheathe'd, and rapidly display'd
 Aloft his flaming, unrelenting Blade,
 Then with oblique inevitable Blow
 Descends tempestuous on that Neck of Snow,
Irene's Neck : Fast from her Shoulders fair
 Bounds the dissever'd Head, and whirls in Air ;
 The widow'd Trunk, gash'd with dishonest
 Wound, [Ground,
 Prone falls, and, panting, trembling on the
 From

Torrentem, et vitam pariter cum sanguine fundit
 Luctantem. Subito cadis, heu ! Pulcheriula
 dudum

Nympharum, vitreis nequicquam ornata tro-
 phæis,

Regis amor regnique comes sine limite, dextrâ,
 Qua minime decuit, sævæ data victima famæ.
 Felix, si sancto jacuisses fida pudori,
 Nobiliore rogo, patriis immersa ruinis,
 Nec tibi barbarici placuissent Fœdera leti !

CÆLESTES illi fœdos jam sanguine voltus,
 Pallentesque genas, extinctaque lumine cernunt
 Attoniti, exanguesque metu : Labefacta per offa
 Horror iit. Siluere diu : mox undique tristis
 Prorupit gemitus, perque agmina vasta cucurrit.

CASIBUS inflecti miserorum insuetus acerbis,
 Horruit ipse ferox crudeli cæde tyrannus,
 Et, furiis odiisque sui pariterque suorum
 Commotus, refugit visum, intolerabile visum.

Mox

From riling Channels with convulsive Strife,
Quick disembogues the purple Tide of Life.
O lately fairest of the Female Train,
With brittle Trophies dignify'd in vain !
A Monarch's Mate in absolute Command,
Alas ! Thou fallest by that faithless Hand,
That Hand, which least should violate thy Frame,
A woful Victim to barbarian Fame !
Happy, hadst thou prefer'd a nobler Bust,
Thy Country's Ruins for thy Virgin Dust,
Nor, by the Lure of lewd Ambition led,
Espous'd the Bondage of a *Turkish* Bed !

THAT heav'nly Visage, now with Gore defil'd,
Those rosy Cheeks, in which the Graces smil'd,
Clay-cold and pale, those visual Orbs of Light
They view now set in everlasting Night.

FEAR blanch'd their Looks, and through their
Bosoms chill'd,
And Limbs relax'd a sudden Horror thrill'd :
Speechless they stood, then bursted piteous
Moans, [into Groans.
Wide through the deep Defiles, and lengthen'd

FIERCE as he was, untouched with human
Woes,
The bloody Tyrant felt some inward Throes ;
He loathes himself and them with equal Spite,
And starts abhorrent from the shocking Sight.

Mox famæ redit ardor atrox, iræque tumescunt

Ultrices ; in bella viros rapit, intonat armis
Horrificis. Asiae eversæ post fata supremum
Europæ occasum, sævasque minatur habenas.

Sic malefidus amor brutique cupidinis ignis
In fumum et cineres abeunt, mediisque triumphis

Funera portendunt, cælo ceu sæpe sereno
Flagrantes feralé faces, Medicata sopore
Flexanimæ quanquam veneris, ferventior ardet
Ambitio, et sceptro tandem votisque potita
(Quid sibi plus vellet regnandi vasta cupido ?)
Per scelerum serjem et fictum pietatis honorem,
Ulterius ruit, et sicut insatiabilis æquor
Sanguineum, martemque trucem, stragemque
nefandam.

F. I. N. I. S.

BUT soon the Gust of rabid Fame recoils,
The swelling Tide of Wrath revengeful Boils.
He rouses, hurries legionary Swarms
To War, and Thunders with horrific Arms.
Fair *Asia* crush'd, he threatens *Europe's* Chains,
Her final Fall, and arbitrary Reins.

THUS faithless Love and Flames of brutal Lust,
Flit into Smoke, and moulder into Dust,
Portending Death, while Triumphs gild the
Scene,
Like blazing Comets in a Sky serene.
Though lull'd on Beauty's downy Lap, returns
Ambition's Fever, and intenser burns.
At length (what more would Tyranny require?)
Possess of Empire, and its full Desire ;
Through Crimes, atrocious in successive Rounds,
And Zeal bely'd, it overleaps all Bounds,
And Thirsts insatiate for a purple Main
Of Blood, wide-wasting War, and Mountains
of the Slain.

The E N D.

